New Edition.

I'll Hang My Harp On A Willow Tree

A Page's

ROMANCE

ARRANGED

BY

W. GUERNSEY.

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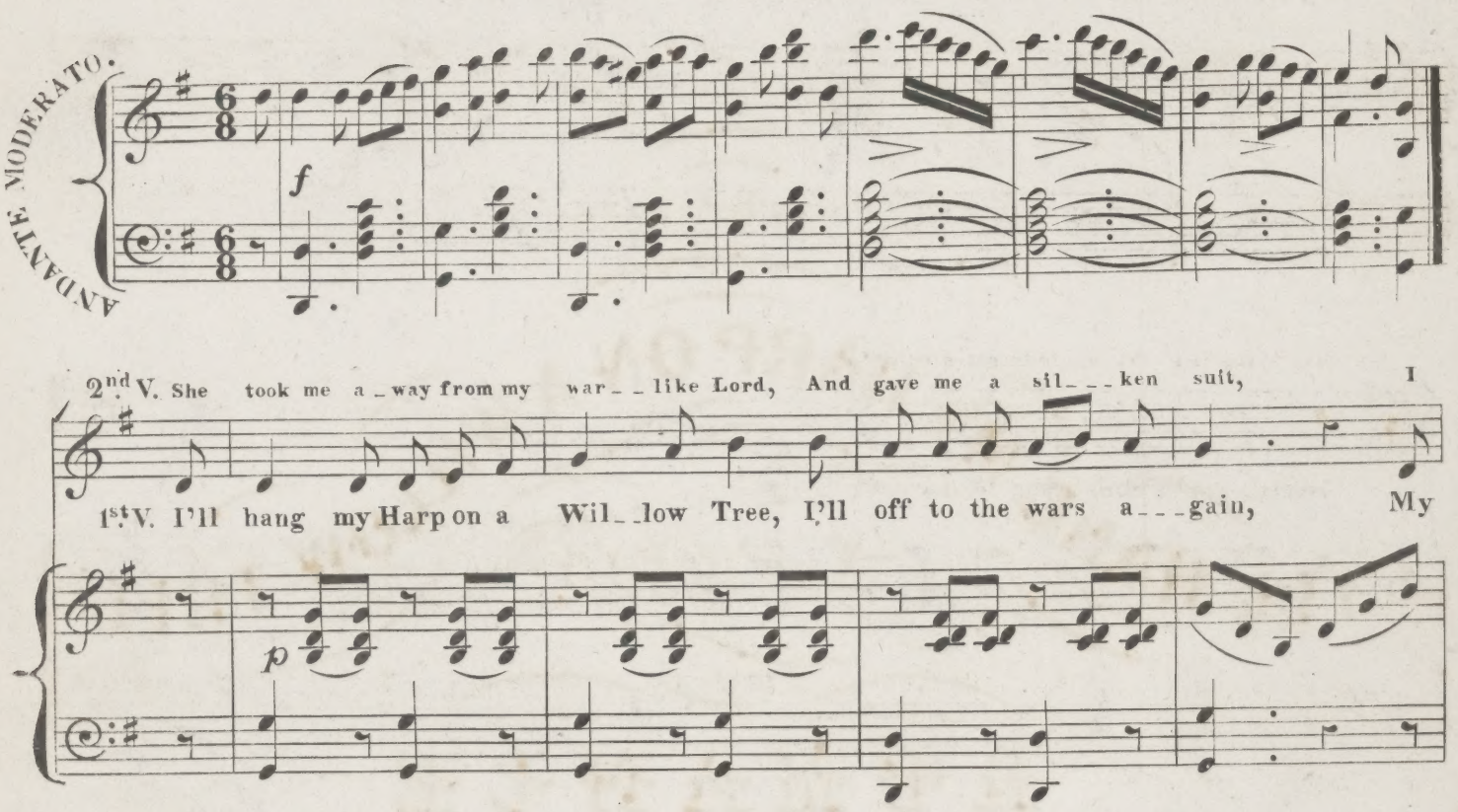
I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE.

W. Guernsey.


ANDANTE MODERATO.
f
2nd V. She took me a_way from my war_ _like Lord, And gave me a sil_ _ken suit, I
1st V. I'll hang my Harp on a Wil_low Tree, I'll off to the wars a_ _gain, My
p
thought no more of my Mas_ _ter's sword, When I play'd on my Mas_ _ter's lute; She
peaceful home has no charms for me, The Bat_ _tle field no pain; The
seem'd to think me a boy a_bove Her Pa_ges of low de_ _gree, Oh!
Lady I love will soon be a Bride, With a di_a_dem on her brow, Oh!
dim:

had I but lov'd with a boy_ish love It would have been better for me Oh! had I but lov'd with a

why did she flatter my boy_ish pride, She's going to leave me now, Oh! why did she flatter my

boy_ish love It would have been better for me.

boyish pride, She's going to leave me now.

f dim:

3rd Verse.

Then I'll hide in my breast ev'ry sel_fish care I'll flush my pale cheek with wine; When

p

smiles a_wake the Bri_dal Pair, I'll hasten to give them mine I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my

heart may bleed, And I'll walk in the festive train And if I survive it I'll mount my steed, And I'll

dim:

off to the wars a___gain, And if I survive it I'll mount my steed, And I'll

off to the wars a___gain.

f

dim:

4th. Verse.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine, In my hel met's sa___ble plume, And

p

then on the field of Pa_les_tine, I'll seek an ear_ly doom, And if by the Saracen's

hand I fall, Mid the no_ble and the brave, A tear from my La_dy love is all I

dim:

ask for the Warrior's Grave! A tear from my La.....dy love is all I

ask for the Warrior's Grave.

f

dim